

Sara Evans, The Week The River Raged

The river ran through Howard County
It was the life blood of the land
It make fields of green tobacco
Aching backs and callused hands
Mama talked of a coming battle
That the women folk had to fight
'Cause the good lord owned the daytime
But the devil seemed to own the night

Well, it came up out of nowhere
From a dark and bitter seed
It was the roughest kind of roadhouse
And a most unwanted weed
It drew the men folk like a magnet
The women knew what they had to do
So they put it in the hands of Jesus
'Cause they knew that he'd come through

And the rains came and the river swelled
And the more they prayed the more it fell
When the levies broke everybody saw
The awesome power of God
Then the clouds rolled back and the rainbow came
To bring a brighter day
'Cause when the flood hit Howard County
All the sins were washed away

Now the mothers tell the story
Of the week that the river raged
It's the passing of the wisdom
To the ears of tender age
Better walk the straight and narrow
Better keep a watchful eye
'Cause there's a symbol of the wrath of Heaven
In every dark cloud in the sky

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